

TREASURE CHEST





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THE LEGEND OF THE POINSETTIA

BY MARGARET FOLEY

ROSITA WAS THE DAUGHTER OF A POOR MEXICAN FARMER.



WHILE HER FATHER WAS IN THE FIELDS, ROSITA HELPED HER MOTHER AT HOME.



SHE DID NOT MIND BEING POOR....



...EXCEPT ON CHRISTMAS EVE, WHEN EVERY ONE IN THE VILLAGE BROUGHT PRESENTS TO THE CHRIST CHILD IN THE CRIB.



THEN SHE WAS SAD.



MOTHER, LOOK AT ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS THEY ARE TAKING TO CHURCH.

MOTHER, WE HAVE NOTHING TO GIVE TO THE CHRIST CHILD.

WHY NOT OFFER HIM YOUR PRAYERS, MY DEAR?



SO ROSITA WENT TO THE CHAPEL ...



OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL DOOR ...



AND SUDDENLY ...

NOW THIS PLANT, WHICH WE KNOW AS THE
POINSETTIA, OR THE FLOWER OF THE NATIVITY,
IS OUR CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

CHUCK WHITE

PART 15

ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET, WHERE HE HAD DECLINED TO ACCEPT HIS LETTER, CHUCK MET BILL RANKIN AGAIN AND WENT OFF WITH HIM.



HERE WE ARE, CHUCK.



LOOK WHO'S HERE FELLOWS.

HOW'RE YOU, CHUCK?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

HELLO.



OH, BOY!



WHERE'D THIS CAR COME FROM?

STILL AFRAID IT'S HOT? WE BOUGHT IT FROM THE MAN WHO OWNS THIS GARAGE. THINK IT'LL DO FOR?



I'LL TELL YOU LATER, TURN IT OVER.

GET BACK OF THE WHEEL, GIL.



WHERE CAN CHUCK BE SO LATE?

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CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON

WE'LL BE ALL SET AS SOON
AS FATHER CARROLL
ARRIVES

THESE YOUNGSTERS
CAN HARDLY WAIT.



HERE'S
FATHER CARROLL!
MERRY CHRISTMAS,
FATHER!



MERRY CHRISTMAS,
CHILDREN!



NEXT!
CONNIE SPENCE
MERRY CHRISTMAS,
CONNIE!



THAT WAS
A GREAT
PARTY,
JOE.

IT SURELY WAS.
COME OVER TO OUR
HOUSE NOW. I THINK
THERE'S SOMETHING
GOING ON THERE, TOO.



MERRY
CHRISTMAS,
DAD!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS, SON.
I...HOPE YOU
HAVE MANY MORE
OF THEM



HOW ABOUT
SOME TURKEY
CHUCK?

THANKS,
MRS. KELLY.
I COULDN'T EAT
ANOTHER BITE!

PS-S-ST!
CHUCK







Puzzle & Game Page

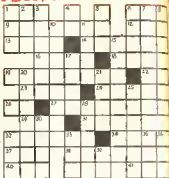
By Jules Leopold

ACROSS

- 1 To err is
2 2nd letter of Greek alpha-
bet
3 Soldiers and _____ are
called Socratics of the
East
4 Sea bird
5 Snow
6 Rosalind's lover
7 Celebrated decree of many
8 To supply with weapons
9 Visible part of the new
moon
10 Pious
11 Voice between tenor and
soprano
12 Mineral disease
13 Aberg and Leif
14 Achieved by continued ef-
fort
15 Observed
16 Small palace of lead
17 A strong dark deviation
18 Wonder alone
19 Small class
20 These are used to remove
wetting
21 Gail's name
22 Caransa

DOWN

- 1 Lady killed
through by
2 Our liver of the teeth
3 Within
4 Recruit along
5 Tail of a bird
6 To turn corners on slight
evidence
7 General Eisenhower's nick-
name
8 One who abandons his
faith
9 Carving
10 Those who love and seek
nearly support their own
line
11 Native of Scotland
12 Capital of Burma
13 One built the east
14 Part of a corner course
15 Another spelling of "edge"
16 Enclosed chamber for sol-
ing or heating
17 National Recovery Admin-
stration, 1933
18 Novel
19 English
20 Subtle "road"
21 Woodrow's pool



PUZZLING STARS

Here are nine stars arranged to form a triangle. Scattered about the triangle are all the numbers from 1 to 9.

Can you put one number in each star so that each side of the triangle will total 17? You should find the combination in 15 minutes.

Finished? Fine! Now take them out and start all over again. This time arrange the same numbers, one in each star, to total 20 on each side of the triangle. How long did it take you?



Merry!



Replace the crosses and dots in the above figure with letters which, reading from left to right, form words meaning:

- 1 A person who prepares food
- 2 That which sails on water
- 3 A young woman
- 4 A New Zealand bird
- 5 The closed hand
- 6 Cease
- 7 A tract of wasteland
- 8 A vehicle used in war
- 9 What you sit at in school
- 10 Ended
- 11 Acid
- 12 Term of endearment
- 13 This puzzle

Underline the letters that replace the crosses. Now, reading downward, you will see that they spell something you want.

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST

TREASURE CHEST

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FATHER KIERNAN TELLS ABOUT

Christmas Customs in Other Lands

George F. Tol



IN ITALY, WHERE ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI INTRODUCED IT, THE CRIB IS STILL AN IMPORTANT PART OF CHRISTMAS. THERE IS ONE IN EVERY HOME.



THE WHOLE FAMILY RECITES NOVENA PRAYERS IN PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS.



POLAND HAS THE BREAKING OF BREAD ON CHRISTMAS EVE. THE BREAD, CALLED "OPŁATKI," IS DISTRIBUTED BY THE CHURCH.



JUST BEFORE DINNER THE WIFE IS BLESSED UNTIL ALL HAVE SHARED IT.



IN IRELAND A CANDLE BURNS BRIGHTLY IN EVERY WINDOW TO GUIDE THE HOLY FAMILY AND THE DOORS ARE LEFT UNLATCHED SHOULD THEY SEEK SHUT.

THEY MAY SEE THE LIGHT AND KNOW THAT THEY ARE WELCOME HERE.



IN EVERY HAMLET THE ENGLISH SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



MOST GERMAN FAMILIES HAVE A TABLE SET ON CHRISTMAS EVE FOR THE HOLY FAMILY, SHOULD THEY KNOCK AT THE DOOR.



CHILDREN IN ENGLAND PLACE STRAW ON THE FLOORS OF THEIR HOMES AND SLEEP THERE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

IT IS HARD HERE ON THE STRAW.

OUR LORD SLEPT ON STRAW ON THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT. IT IS THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR HIM.



IN LITHUANIA, EVEN THE LOAVES OF BREAD ARE STAMPED WITH THE IMAGE OF THE BOY CHRIST.

SEE THE HOLY CHILD!



HUNGARIAN CHILDREN CARRY A SMALL CRIB THROUGH THE STREETS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

WAKE UP FOR THE CHRIST CHILD!



MEXICAN VILLAGERS RE-ENACT JOSEPH AND MARY SEEKING SHELTER. THIS THEY CALL "POSAIDA," MEANING "INN."

TONIGHT WE SHALL HAVE A POSAIDA BEFORE THE HOME OF RANCHO VARELA

YES, LAST NIGHT WE WENT TO JORGE'S.



AT FIRST, THE "INNKEEPER" REFUSES, BUT LATER HE ADMITS THEM. INSIDE, THEY KNEEL IN PRAYER. THIS CEREMONY, REPEATED EVERY NIGHT, BEGINS NINE NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



IN PERU, MOST PEOPLE PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS ON CHRISTMAS EVE LEADING ANIMALS LOADED WITH FOOD FOR THE HOLY FAMILY. AT MIDNIGHT ALL GO TO MASS.



OUR BLESSED MOTHER MUST NOT WAIT FOR FOOD ON THIS NIGHT.

HAWAIIAN CHILDREN WHO NEVER SEE SNOW, PAINT PALM TREES WHITE.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM BELONGS ON TOP.

CHINESE MISSION CHILDREN DECORATE "THE TREE OF LIGHT" WITH COLORED PAPER RINGS. THEN THEY SING CAROLS.



SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT.

CUSTOMS IN OTHER COUNTRIES ARE STRANGE, AREN'T THEY, FATHER?

THEY REALLY AREN'T STRANGE AT ALL, EACH HAS THE SAME MEANING - TO HONOR

THE COMING CHRIST. FOR THE HOLY CHILD IS BORN TO ALL PEOPLES. AND THAT, AFTER ALL, IS THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.



PERKY and BOOBY

HERE IT IS, CHRISTMAS DAY,
AND I DON'T HAVE A PRESENT
FOR PERKY



AND I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY TO
BUY HIM ONE, EITHER.



I FEEL AWFUL AB... WHAT'S THAT
ON THE GROUND?



OH... IT'S JUST A DIRTY,
OLD PENNY.



BUT WAIT! PERKY COLLECTS OLD
COINS. THIS PENNY ISN'T MUCH,
BUT I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM FOR
HIS COLLECTION.



MERRY CHRISTMAS,
BOOBY!

MERRY CHRISTMAS,
PERKY! I HAVE A LITTLE
GIFT FOR YO...
JIMINY! LOOK AT
THE GIFTS!





BILLY FINDS CHRISTMAS

BY
ANN
WING



MARGARET and Peter Campbell sat on the front steps in the warm afternoon sun of a southern December. They gazed across the blue-green waters of Shellfish Bay. Palm fronds on the front lawn rattled in the breeze, making a kind of gentle accompaniment for the thinking of brother and sister.

Margaret rebalanced the pad of paper on her knee and idly moistened her pencil point with her small, pink tongue. She sighed, "Little Billy . . . we'll have to get him something absolutely super, but super, but what?"

"Can't you see I'm trying to think?" asked her brother. "And quit using super all the time. You're in a rut," he added, a bit impatiently.

His sister, ignoring this comment, checked for the hundredth time the items on their Christmas list. This year Margaret and Peter had decided to pool their resources. The total, \$19.75, represented a year's careful saving. All but little Billy's gift had been purchased.

"Mom . . . epergne . . . \$2.79. Dad . . . slippers . . . \$2.63. James . . . \$2.00 in money toward his new bike. Mary Ellen . . . rag doll . . . \$1.95." Then followed Grandmother, Grandfather, Aunt Agatha and Uncle Dan. And at the very bottom of the list, with a big question mark, was Little Billy, the youngest Campbell.

"Let's see that list again," Peter said. Margaret handed it to him.

"We have only \$3.00 left," she reminded him.

"What's this *epergne*?" asked Peter, putting his grimy finger on the word. "And are you sure Mom's going to like whatever it is?"

"I showed it to you, silly. It's a table centerpiece for fruit and flowers, and Mom'll love it. Beautiful crystal and . . ."

"Okay, okay," agreed her brother hastily and slid his finger down the rest of the list. "Well, it looks all right—if we could just get an angle on his little nibs. Did you try out *Tall Tales of Mother Goose* on him?"

"He said it was babyish."

"How about a new paint set?"

"He doesn't like to paint anymore."

"How about games—darts, ring toss, marbles . . . ?"

But Margaret only shook her head vigorously. "Out," she said flatly. "When I took Billy down to Fairfield's last Saturday, he just went past the counters and didn't seem interested in anything. I think he's ill."

"He must be," agreed Peter. "Did you tell Mom?"

"I did—and Mom said to let him alone. Billy isn't used to living where flowers bloom in the backyard in December. He's made up his mind he'll have snow and icicles and pine trees, or he just won't have Christmas. The poor little fellow is all confused."

"Mom's right, Sis. Yesterday morning when I told him that Christmas would be here this very week, he glared at me. 'Let you know,' he said. 'Mom hasn't even unpacked my snowsuit. It can't be Christmas until there's snow.'"

The screen door behind the two opened and out came 11-year-old James. Little Billy was tagging him.

"I want to go, too," little brother pleaded. "Take me with you, Jamie."

James pried Billy's fingers off his arm and turned to Margaret and Peter. "I wish you'd explain to him that I've business to attend to and I can't drag him all over town with me."

"He could ride in the basket in front," suggested Margaret.

"No, he couldn't," objected Jamie. "You know what Dad said last time. That old bike of mine has all it can do to hold me and my papers." Billy's lip began to tremble.

"Aw, now, Billy, don't be a baby. Christmas is practically here, and the way things look your old brother James is going to have a new bicycle that'll knock your eye out. And who do you suppose will get the first ride on it?" James squatted on his heels and winked up at Billy, trying to make him smile.

Billy looked solemn, then anger reddened his round face. "It's no such thing," he blurted, "and you know it." With that, he marched down the steps and up the driveway.

"Now what did he mean by that?" James stood as he asked the question. Before either Peter or Margaret could answer, James jumped off the porch. "Boy, if I'm late!" he exclaimed as he picked up a dilapidated bicycle from the grass. He mounted it and went bouncing down Water Street to the office of the *Journal* to pick up his papers.

"I'd better help Mom with supper," Margaret announced, as she got up. "Maybe we'll think of a gift for Billy before tomorrow," she added vaguely. Then, putting her pad and pencil in a pocket of her skirt, she went inside.

Peter strolled to the backyard to take a look at his pool of tropical fish. While he was leeching them, little brother wandered out of the garage and stood watching him. "Want to feed Mickey and Sally?" asked Peter. Billy shook his head.

"What are you so glum about?" continued Peter.

"I'm not glum."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Peter. "You've a face as long as a mule's. You ought to be happy, because Christmas..."

Fury seemed to take hold of Billy. "That's a great big lie!" he screamed. "It's never going to be Christmas down here. Never! Never! Billy began to cry brokenly. He hung an arm across his face to hide the tears, then ran blindly. In a moment, he had disappeared around the corner of the house.

Peter had started after him when he heard his mother call to ask him to bring the ladder from the garage. And Peter forgot Billy.

It was not until the family had gathered

about the table that they noticed little brother's empty place.

"Where's Billy?" Dad asked.

Nobody knew. Peter remembered the last he had seen of him—little brother running around the corner of the house toward the street, crying.

"What was he crying about?" demanded Dad.

"I don't know exactly," said Peter. "I said he ought to be happy because Christmas was almost here and he flew into a tantrum. He said there wasn't ever going to be Christmas any more. Good grief! I didn't do anything to him."

"Billy is upset," said Mother. "I think he misses the snow."

"Poor little fellow!" sympathized Dad.

"Peter, please go out to the garage and get him. He's probably cried his eyes out and fallen asleep in that old deck chair," said Mom.

But Billy had not gone to sleep in the garage. In fact, he was nowhere to be found. The neighbors had not seen him at all. And by now it was nearly dark and the street lights were on, sparkling like a string of diamonds along the shore of Shellfish Bay.

The Campbells scattered in a frantic search. Jamie pedaled swiftly toward High Street, while Margaret and Peter raced down Water Street toward the center of town. Dad and Mom, fearful, searched up and down the shore, stopping to scan the waters of the Bay.

"Oh, dear God, don't let him be hurt," Margaret kept praying as she ran.

"I'll look on the pier," Peter told her as he turned on to a long wharf that ran out into the Bay. Lined with popcorn stands, clam bars and carnival booths, the dock was a gay place and had always delighted little brother.

Margaret, her heart pounding, continued down Water Street to the next corner, then pushed, panting, up the bluff to Main Street with its department stores, restaurants, and movie theaters. She asked everyone she met if he had seen a little boy in a blue suit, a little boy with brown hair and brown eyes and a button nose. But no one had seen a little boy who seemed to be lost. No one at all.

Margaret scrutinized the people who were going to the movies, but among them there was no one so small as Billy.

The department store windows were gay with Christmas colors and Christmas tinsel. Strong lights, nearly concealed behind the heavy window draperies, hooded Santa Clauses and his reindeer with new glory. People, laden with gay packages, were hurrying past.

Suddenly Margaret stopped and held her breath. The bells in St. Francis Monastery at the top of the hill sounded, summoning the monks to evening prayer. Margaret listened. She recalled that Billy had often asked about those bells. She turned quickened steps toward the Monastery.

December dusk was giving way to the deeper shadows of early evening. At the end of a little pathway inside the Monastery gate, Margaret saw a shaft of soft light which came from the open door of the chapel sanctuary.

Tiptoeing in, Margaret hesitated. She thought she had heard the laudier voice of a child.

"My name's Billy Campbell and I live on Shady Lane," the voice said.

"Aren't you a rather small boy to be alone so far from home?" a deep voice asked solicitously.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" The little voice was unmistakably Billy's.

"How did you happen to come in here Billy?" the monk's voice persisted.

"Oh, I was across the street and I saw you and that other man bringing these big Christmas trees in here. They smell just like our Christmas trees where I used to live."

Margaret, treading cautiously, moved close enough to see a young, brown-robed monk. He was unpacking the figures for the Christmas crib. A little boy in a blue suit sat beside the monk.

"Do you really have Christmas here?" the boy queried. "Without snow? Or sleighbells?"

"Christmas is everywhere," the monk assured him. "In that part of sunny Italy, where St. Francis of Assisi built the first Christmas crib, there is no snow." Billy was puzzled.

"Tomorrow will be Christmas Eve," the monk continued as he arranged the straw in the manger. "Fathers and mothers and little children all over the world are getting ready tonight for the birthday of the Infant Jesus."

Billy got up. As Brother Anthony placed the

Infant in the straw, Billy touched it ever so gently. It was then that he saw Margaret.

"Oh, Margaret, it really is Christmas! Billy's voice was highly pitched with excitement. "Look! Here is the Baby Jesus. And real Christmas trees!"

Brother Anthony saw rells on the girl's face. And he thought he saw tears in her eyes, tears of happiness in finding her little brother.

"Thanks! Thanks, Brother, for taking care of Billy," Margaret said, a quaver in her voice.

"I'm Brother Anthony—and it's my patron who takes care of little boys who are lost," the monk replied with a smile. He accompanied the children to the door.

"Goodby, Billy." The Brother took the child's hand. "Say a prayer for me on Christmas, won't you? And don't forget that the very first Christmas was in a land of palm trees, and sands, and warm sun. Merry Christmas to both of you!"

Margaret lost no time in getting Billy home. She knew that her father and mother were worried. Besides, it was way past Billy's bedtime.

The little boy in the blue suit was a welcome sight to the whole family. On entering his home, he ran to his mother.

"Where were you, Billy? Where were you lost?" she asked, as she took him in her arms.

"I wasn't lost, Mommy. I was finding Christmas."

True, Billy had found Christmas. And on the morning of the big day, under the tree in the Campbell living room, Billy found a little crib of his very own. Margaret and Peter had completed their Christmas list.

SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES THAT APPEARED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST.

PARTS

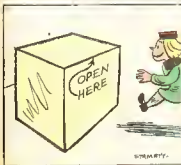
Six dots. Two hits on 16 and four hits on 17.

DOLLAR BILL STUNT

Start at one end of the bill and working carefully with the fingers of both hands ROLL IT UP as you would roll up a rug. As the rolling part-on moves against the bottle it will push it slowly back, and finally all the bottle be covered to keep your fingers at the sides of the bill to avoid touching the bottle.



WILLIE BROWN THE CLOWN



A Christmas Carol

BASED ON THE TALE BY CHARLES DICKENS

Scrooge & Marley

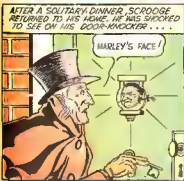
OLD MARLEY WAS DEAD, DEAD AS A DOORNAIL, BUT TIGHT-FISTED EBENEZER SCROOGE NEVER PAINTED OUT HIS NAME.

LATE AFTERNOON, CHRISTMAS EVE.



SCROOGE WAS A SQUEEZING, GRASPING, COVETOUS OLD SINNER... THE DOOR OPENED.





IN HIS ROOM HE PUT ON HIS DRESSING GOWN AND NIGHTCAP, WHEN SOON HE HEARD STRANGE NOISES.

IT'S HUMBUG STILL, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



WHO ARE YOU?

I WAS YOUR PARTNER, JACOB MARLEY. I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU.

YOU WILL BE HAUNTED BY THREE SPIRITS, ONE TOMORROW AT ONE, ANOTHER THE NEXT NIGHT, AND THE THIRD THE NEXT. FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, PAY ATTENTION TO THEM.

(IS THAT YOUR WARNING?)



AFTER HAVING DELIVERED HIS WARNING THE GHOST OF MARLEY SACKED SLOWLY TO THE WINDOW THEN FLED INTO THE WINTER NIGHT.



COMPLETELY FATIGUED, SCROOGE WENT STRAIGHT TO BED WITHOUT HAVING UNDRESSED, AND FELL ASLEEP ON THE INSTANT.



THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE!

THE HOUR HAS COME - AND NOTHING ELSE - ER, WHAT'S THAT?



TREASURE CHEST

COME! MY TIME GROWS SHORT.
WHAT IS THE MATTER?

NOTHING-- ONLY
I SHOULD LIKE TO
BE ABLE TO SAY A
WORD OR TWO TO MY
CLERK JUST NOW.



THE LIGHT SURROUNDING THE SPIRIT Faded OUT
AND SCROOGE WAS CONSCIOUS OF BEING IN HIS
OWN BED. HE SOON DROVE INTO A HEAVY SLEEP...



AT THE STROKE OF ONE SCROOGE WAS AWAKENED
BY A BRILLIANT BLAZE OF LIGHT WHICH SEEMED
TO SPEAK----



COME IN, I'M THE
GHOST OF CHRIST-
MAS PRESENT.



IT WAS HIS OWN ROOM, NO DOUBT ABOUT
THAT. BUT IT HAD UNDERGONE A
SURPRISING CHANGE.

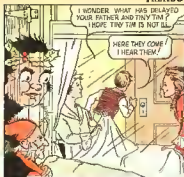
TAKE ME WHERE YOU WILL
TEACH ME AND LET ME
PROFIT BY IT.

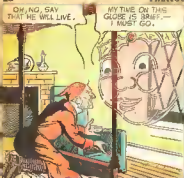
TOUCH MY
ROBE.



OUT OVER THE
CITY OF LONDON
THE SPIRIT OF
CHRISTMAS'S
PRESENT MET
SCROOGE WHO
NOW WAS ANGRY
TO LEARN THAT
THE SPIRIT HAD
TEACH. THEY
STAYED OUTSIDE
FOR DOZENS OF
HOURS DWELLING







THIS MAN MIGHT BE MYSELF. IS THERE NO ONE TO MOURN HIM? WHAT NEXT, O SPIRIT?



THE SPIRIT DID NOT REPLY, BUT LED THE WILLING SCROOGE AWAY..

OH, I'M WEARY! I'VE BEEN TO THE CHURCHYARD WHERE TINY TIM IS BURIED.



THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME NEXT CONVEYED SCROOGE TO A FAMILIAR DOOR.

MY HOUSE IS YONDER. WHY DO YOU POINT AWAY?

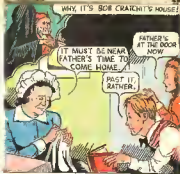


WHY, IT'S BOB CRATCHIT'S HOUSE!

IT MUST BE NEAR FATHER'S TIME TO COME HOME.

PAST IT, RATHER.

FATHER'S AT THE DOOR NOW



I AM SURE NONE OF US SHALL FORGET TINY TIM, SHALL WE?

NEVER, FATHER.



NO, OH, NO! I AM THAT MAN WHO LAY DEAD!



SPIRIT, HEAR ME!
I AM NOT THE MAN I WAS.
GOOD SPIRIT, ASSURE ME
THAT I MAY YET CHANGE
THESE SHADOWS BY AN
ALTERED LIFE.



SORGOGE FELL TO THE GROUND AND
CLUTCHED AT THE SPIRIT. BUT...

...AS HE HELD ON, THE SPECTER SHRANK
INTO A BEDPOST...

I WILL HONOR
CHRISTMAS IN MY
HEART AND TRY
TO KEEP IT ALL
THE YEAR.



...AND THE BEDPOST WAS HIS OWN. THE BED WAS
HIS OWN. TIME BEFORE HIM WAS HIS OWN.



I AM HERE! I AM
ALIVE! I AM HAPPY
AS AN ANGEL!

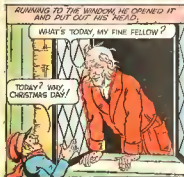
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO EVERYBODY!



RUNNING TO THE WINDOW, HE OPENED IT
AND PUT OUT HIS HEAD.

WHAT'S TODAY, MY FINE FELLOW?

TODAY? WHY
CHRISTMAS DAY!



IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY! I HAVEN'T
MISSED IT! THE SPIRITS HAVE
DONE IT ALL IN ONE NIGHT.



BOY, GO DOWN TO THE POULTRY SHOP AND TELL THEM TO BRING THEIR LARGEST TURKEY. COME BACK WITH THE MAN AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING — HALF A CROWN.

RIGHTO, GUV'NOR.



I'LL SEND IT TO BOB CRATCHIT'S. HE SHA'N'T EVER KNOW WHO SENT IT. WHAT A JOKE! IT'S TWICE THE SIZE OF TINY TIM!



SCROOGE DRESSED HIMSELF AND AT LAST GOT OUT INTO THE STREETS. HE REGARDED ALL WITH A DELIGHTED SMILE AND LOOKED SO PLEASANT MANY SAID, 'GOOD MORNING, SIR, A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!' BEFORE VISITING HIS NEPHEW, HE WENT TO CHURCH.

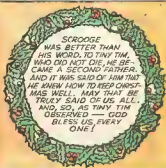


THE MORNING AFTER CHRISTMAS, IN SCROOGE'S OFFICE.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOB, MY FRIEND! I AM GOING TO RAISE YOUR SALARY, AND WHAT IS MORE, THIS VERY AFTERNOON WE WILL DISCUSS THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR STRUGGLING FAMILY.



SCROOGE WAS BETTER THAN HIS WORD. TO TINY TIM, WHO DID NOT DIE, HE BECAME A SECOND FATHER. AND IT WAS SAID OF HIM THAT HE KNEW HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS WELL. MAY THAT BE TRULY SAID OF US ALL. AND, SO, AS TINY TIM OBSERVED — GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!





The Editors and Publishers of
TREASURE CHEST
wish you a
JOYOUS CHRISTMAS
and a
HAPPY NEW YEAR